

being that not enough money can be raised. So, my dear, the matter has been dropped for good; and we must be contented with the old church, though I am afraid it will not hold together much longer."

"The Lord will provide in some way," said Mrs. Wells sorrowfully, yet trustingly.

The next day being Saturday, mamma was kept busy with many duties. So the little ones were left to take care of themselves. When Mrs. Wells came to look for them, they could not be found. Here, there, everywhere she searched in vain. At last she heard a voice behind her saying, "here me is mamma, We's just got back," and there stood Teddie and Bess, sunburnt, hot, dusty.

"You poor babies. Where have you been?"

"Why, mamma, We's been to the preacher-man. Took him our bricks for the new church. Its all we had, mamma."

"Well! Well!" said Mrs. Wells, "what children! What did Mr. Lawson say?"

"Why, mamma, he loved us and hugged us so much—and he cried too. Please, mamma, didn't Mr. Lawson want our bricks for the new church cause?" he cried.

"No, no my dears," answered mamma with a sob as she patted each curly head. "God will accept your offering."

When the congregation gathered on Sunday morning everyone was surprised to see a little heap or blocks on the pulpit; and those very red blocks were all Mr. Lawson preached about.

How he pleaded that the good work thus begun by two little children might be carried on. Did the good old preacher touch hearts? Yes, and pocket-books, too. Everybody gave something; and the little heap of blocks grew and grew till they became a fine new church.

The following winter when the dreaded diphtheria was raging, Teddie and Bess contracted the terrible disease and died. When Mrs. Wells folded the little hands that had done so much for Jesus across each silent breast, We heard he say, "Gone to the house of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—*Mary Taylor, Akron, Ohio.*

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

"I will try to help others, especially the weak, the poor, the sick and the sorrowful."

A woman was walking along a street one windy day when the rain began to come down. She had an umbrella, but her hands were full of parcels, and it was difficult for her to raise it in that wind.

"Let me, ma'am; let me, please," said a bright faced boy, taking the umbrella in his hands.

The astonished women looked on with satisfaction, while he managed to raise the rather obstinate umbrella. Then taking out one of those ever handy strings which boys carry, he tied all the parcels snugly into one bundle and politely handed it back to her.

"Thank you, very much," she said. "You are very polite to do so much for a stranger."

"Oh, it's no trouble, ma'am," he said, with a smile, "I like to help people."

Both went their ways with a happy feeling in their hearts; for such little deeds of kindness are like sweet smelling roses blossoming along the path of life.

We all have our opportunities day by day, and shall one day be asked how we have improved them.—*Sel.*

TWO MOTHERS.

I noticed her when she entered the car. There was something strangely attractive about her, though she must have been at least sixty, and her face was so careworn, and the saddest I ever saw. In spite of my great trouble, I found myself wondering about her and sometimes—for a moment—would almost forget my grief. Only for a moment, though. Then the recollection that my baby—my little, tender baby, used only to the loving clasp of a mother's arms, was in that dreadful box in the jolting baggage car, would come to me in all its terrible reality, and I would forget everything and everybody and remember only my great sorrow. I wanted my baby; O, how I wanted him! My heart was aching so for the sound of his little, lisping voice, and the touch of his baby fingers. How could I live without him? Why did God give him to me, only to take him back after that one little year? For weeks I had been so happy planning a visit to my old home with baby. I had told him so much of the dear grandmamma he had never seen; I had looked forward so hungrily to the day when she would take him in her loving arms and cuddle him as only she knew how. And now I was taking him to her; not the warm, laughing dimpled baby she had longed so to see. The little still, white clad figure in the casket seemed another child. And the cruel cars jolted noisily on and seemed to say over and over till I could scarcely keep from screaming: "Where's baby? Where's baby?"

Suddenly the train stopped, and my husband went out to ascertain the cause. It was a broken rail, and we would be detained about half an hour. I was glad, for baby could have a rest from that cruel jolting.

It was then that she came and sat down by me—the woman with the sweet, sad

face, and almost without knowing it, I found myself pouring out my grief to her. It was such a comfort to me (mine was selfish grief, I only thought of myself,) and she seemed to understand. She didn't talk much, but her very presence soothed me. I remembered one thing she said; I can hear her low, sweet voice now. "My dear, it is no slight honor to be the mother of an angel." I did not take in the fulness of her meaning then, but I have since. My heart was so full of rebellion that day that I did not want to find comfort anywhere. I was sorry when the train started again. "I change cars at the next station," she said, "and it may help you a little in bearing your burden if I tell you something about myself. I am on my way to B—— to see my only son. Tomorrow he goes to the state prison to serve a life-sentence. I would be the happiest mother on God's earth to-day if I were in your place." The train stopped and she pressed my hand and was gone. I watched her as well as I could through my blinding tears till she was lost in the crowd. But those tears were not for baby.—*Blanche Bailey King, New York Observer.*

THE TRUE TEST OF A BOY'S CHARACTER.

"I don't know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to the principal of a school to whom he had brought his son as a pupil, "he is so full of mischief."

"Does he tell the truth?" asked the principal. "Can I always depend upon his word?"

"Oh, yes," said the father, "he is honest; he will tell the truth, even when it is against himself; you may depend upon that."

"Then we can manage him," said the principal; "he will make a manly man." And he did.—*Exchange.*

JOHNNIE'S VERSE.

Johnnie was about to repeat his first verse at the Sunday-school concert. His mother selected one for him, "I am the light of the world," repeating it to him until he was sure of it.

The evening of the concert came. Johnnie came out, made his best bow, and proclaimed in a loud voice, "My mother is the light of the world."

"So she is of your little world," said the superintendent, and Johnnie trotted off the platform with a proud air, while a general smile beamed on the faces of all.—*Religious Telescope.*

We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there were no end to them.